

to the editor

David Ricardo

Sir—I am grateful to Mark Blaug for his page-long review of my *Economics of David Ricardo* (April 11). There are, however, some misapprehensions regarding my own position on a variety of important issues. I am sure that my reviewer would wish to have them corrected since he will then find it easier to weigh objectively the merits of our respective positions. I shall deal here only with the following matters.

Hollander is unable to cite even a single sentence in support of his assertions regarding Ricardo's frequent assumption of identical factor ratios. In fact, I make clear (EDR, page 202ff) that Ricardo's entire chapter "On Profits" is based on that assumption, for nothing is said therein about the effects of wage changes on relative prices—the major complication, due to differential factor ratios, of his first chapter "On Value".

I am said to have concluded from Ricardo's use of a model in which wages are not at the long-run equilibrium level that "Marshall was quite right to regard him as an early... forerunner". I reach this conclusion on the basis of the textual evidence presented in my Chapter 6 on Allocation Mechanisms (which is in paragraphically allowed, "is very well done").

Regarding Adam Smith, I readily admit in my book his broad interests in the *Wealth of Nations* as evidenced by those of Ricardo in *Principles*. My point is that when Smith devoted himself to economic analysis for purposes of major policy recommendation, particularly the case laws, he worked with a highly simplified model and was, indeed, taken to task for so doing by contemporaries and neo-classical predecessors. My case is developed at length in Chapter 1 on "Value and Distribution Analysis, 1776-1816".

To appreciate how difficult it may be to find the possibility that a substantial revision of the argument adopted over two decades ago may be required; it is indeed with the exaggerated role accorded the agricultural sector in the reviewer's *Economics* (1988) with which I take issue in my context. This I must confess to state prior to the review, and I am sure that the reviewer will find my point clear.

I have in mind Professor Blaug's assertion that Ricardo "misused all his powers in terms of a fictional commodity labour that is a mean of the capital-labour ratio, and so on". This is, of course, a serious historical misstatement.

Equally surprising is the statement that Ricardo went all his efforts to proving... that money wages only rise as a result of one reason, namely, the increasing real cost of producing "luxury goods", and that his "luxury goods" was designed to support the proposition that money wages rise as a result of the increasing real cost of producing "luxury goods". This is, of course, a serious historical misstatement.

Equally surprising is the statement that Ricardo went all his efforts to proving... that money wages only rise as a result of one reason, namely, the increasing real cost of producing "luxury goods", and that his "luxury goods" was designed to support the proposition that money wages rise as a result of the increasing real cost of producing "luxury goods". This is, of course, a serious historical misstatement.

Equally surprising is the statement that Ricardo went all his efforts to proving... that money wages only rise as a result of one reason, namely, the increasing real cost of producing "luxury goods", and that his "luxury goods" was designed to support the proposition that money wages rise as a result of the increasing real cost of producing "luxury goods". This is, of course, a serious historical misstatement.

Equally surprising is the statement that Ricardo went all his efforts to proving... that money wages only rise as a result of one reason, namely, the increasing real cost of producing "luxury goods", and that his "luxury goods" was designed to support the proposition that money wages rise as a result of the increasing real cost of producing "luxury goods". This is, of course, a serious historical misstatement.

Equally surprising is the statement that Ricardo went all his efforts to proving... that money wages only rise as a result of one reason, namely, the increasing real cost of producing "luxury goods", and that his "luxury goods" was designed to support the proposition that money wages rise as a result of the increasing real cost of producing "luxury goods". This is, of course, a serious historical misstatement.

gements of the labourer." And Ricardo protested to Malthus regarding the latter's misunderstanding of this very proposition: "I have invariably insisted that high or low profits depended on low and high wages, how then can it be justly said of me that the only cause which I have recognized of high or low profits is the facility or difficulty of providing food for the labourer. I contend that I have also recognized the other cause, the relative amount of population to capital, which is another of the great regulators of wages."

These statements will be found in the standard edition of Ricardo's *Works and Correspondence* (edited by P. Sraffa, I, 162-3, 165; II, 264-5). They are central to the paper by Sir John Hicks and myself ("Mr Ricardo and the Moderns") for the *Quarterly Journal of Economics*, 1977. And they are reproduced in my book (pages 327f, 667)—at lengths which, I read, "nothing can excuse".

With these misapprehensions out of the way and the Ricardo texts carefully considered, it will, I feel sure, be possible to commence a constructive debate on Ricardo's position.

SAMUEL HOLLANDER,
University of Toronto, 100 St George Street, Toronto, Ontario.

Women's Friendship

Sir—Marilyn Butler traduces me a little (Letters, July 4). In *Women's Friendship in Literature* there is a weighing of the argument in favour of the sexual unanimity of women which I found it necessary to deplore, because I find it to be unrepresentative both inside and outside the confines of the eighteenth-century novel. If Mrs Butler finds that I have overstated the case, she must also allow that Janet Todd does the same, in the opposite direction, at very much greater length.

ANITA BROOKNER,
Courtside Institute of Art, 20 Portman Square, London W1H 0BE.

'Henry V'

Sir—I cannot quite follow T. W. Craik's argument (Letters, June 43) that "service" cannot be the subject of "pay" because it is too far back. Applying a ruler to the back shows it to be no further back than the subject of a word in a speech, as Plutarch on the same page. We shall talk of "paying lip-service".

Additionally, Professor Craik shows, by giving God for Heaven's death, in I, ii, and II, ii, of *Henry IV*, I, i, I must confess to state prior to the review, and I am sure that the reviewer will find my point clear.

I have in mind Professor Blaug's assertion that Ricardo "misused all his powers in terms of a fictional commodity labour that is a mean of the capital-labour ratio, and so on". This is, of course, a serious historical misstatement.

Equally surprising is the statement that Ricardo went all his efforts to proving... that money wages only rise as a result of one reason, namely, the increasing real cost of producing "luxury goods", and that his "luxury goods" was designed to support the proposition that money wages rise as a result of the increasing real cost of producing "luxury goods". This is, of course, a serious historical misstatement.

Equally surprising is the statement that Ricardo went all his efforts to proving... that money wages only rise as a result of one reason, namely, the increasing real cost of producing "luxury goods", and that his "luxury goods" was designed to support the proposition that money wages rise as a result of the increasing real cost of producing "luxury goods". This is, of course, a serious historical misstatement.

Equally surprising is the statement that Ricardo went all his efforts to proving... that money wages only rise as a result of one reason, namely, the increasing real cost of producing "luxury goods", and that his "luxury goods" was designed to support the proposition that money wages rise as a result of the increasing real cost of producing "luxury goods". This is, of course, a serious historical misstatement.

'Why the Vietcong Fought'

Sir—Dennis Duncanson is a distinguished student of Vietnam but in his review of William Darity's *Why the Vietcong Fought* (June 27) his judgment seems to have deserted him. Throughout the review Mr Duncanson's basic question (in his words) is: "...were the Vietnamese guerrillas exceptionally brave?" His answer: "It is hard to envisage any form of combat less courageous than 'protracted war'..."

I can certainly remember—and I'm sure with a little effort Mr Duncanson, who was also there, could too—the agonies of fear displayed by both Saigon and American soldiers (themselves by no means cowards) when faced with NLF opposition, or even the thought of it. I invite Mr Duncanson to apply the same scathing analysis to, say, the European Resistance where, too, the courage that it takes to blow up a bridge... is only a fraction of that which is needed to stand guard on the bridge, night after night... The Wehrmacht, I take it, were therefore the truly brave ones?

Mr Duncanson refers also to the "great rear bases" in North Vietnam and China, as if they provided an unfair advantage. What, then, was the United States in relation to Saigon?

ROBERT M. ADAMS's recent books include *Bad Mouth: Fugitive Papers on the Dark Side, 1978*, and *The Lost Museum: Clippings of Vanished Originals, 1980*.

MANIAR ARIF is the author of *Blunt: The Early History of a Himalayan Kingdom, 1980*, which has just been published.

BERNARD BERGOWITZ's books include *T. S. Eliot, 1972*, and *Reading the Thirties: Texts and Contexts, 1978*.

RONALD BLYTHIE's most recent book is *The View in Winter, 1979*.

VERNON BOGDANOFF's *Devolution* was published in 1978.

WILLIAM BOYD's first novel will be published by Hamish Hamilton next year.

PHILIP BRADY is a lecturer in German at Birkbeck College, London.

LOUIS CHEVALIER's books include *Les Parisiens, 1965*, and *L'Assommoir, 1977*. His *Montmartre au plaisir et du crime* will be published shortly.

RICHARD COSS is Professor of Modern History at the University of Oxford. His most recent book, *Promenades*, has just been published.

MARTIN COOPER's books include *Ideas and Music, 1966*, and *Beethoven: the Last Decade, 1978*.

DAVID FINCH is a lecturer in English at the University of London.

DAVID FINCH is a lecturer in English at the University of London.

DAVID FINCH is a lecturer in English at the University of London.

DAVID FINCH is a lecturer in English at the University of London.

DAVID FINCH is a lecturer in English at the University of London.

DAVID FINCH is a lecturer in English at the University of London.

DAVID FINCH is a lecturer in English at the University of London.

DAVID FINCH is a lecturer in English at the University of London.

DAVID FINCH is a lecturer in English at the University of London.

DAVID FINCH is a lecturer in English at the University of London.

Inadvertently—but correctly—Mr Duncanson says "it was the guerrilla fellow countrymen who suffered off Thailand and Rat, 1962, pages 211-1955). Let me know how much further back this information can be traced in the book. But this particular example would seem to support the view that Mr Aren's argument that the Vietcong have been due to plagiarism in their source to the next (*The New York Times*, pages 28 to 31). Whether this also supports Mr Aren's larger and more questionable claim that there are no hand accounts I am not competent to judge.

C. J. RAWSON,
Department of English,
University of Warwick, Coventry CV4 7AL.

JOHNATHAN MIRSKY,
24 Ladbroke Gardens, London W11.

Cannibals

Sir—Patrick Leigh Fermor (Letters, May 2) quotes himself quoting seventeenth-century French travellers, and in particular De Rochefort, who "reports that a Carib prisoner, while being made ready, would jeer at his captors, saying that although they would soon be eating him, he had already swallowed so many of their family or tribe that they would be virtually eating one of their own people." Montaigne had cited a song to the same effect in his essay "Des Cannibales", and is said by commentators to have been undisturbed by this.

MICHAEL SCHMIDT,
Caraceni Press Ltd, 330 So. Exchange Buildings, Manchester M1 3JL.

Among this week's contributors

ROBERT M. ADAMS's recent books include *Bad Mouth: Fugitive Papers on the Dark Side, 1978*, and *The Lost Museum: Clippings of Vanished Originals, 1980*.

MANIAR ARIF is the author of *Blunt: The Early History of a Himalayan Kingdom, 1980*, which has just been published.

BERNARD BERGOWITZ's books include *T. S. Eliot, 1972*, and *Reading the Thirties: Texts and Contexts, 1978*.

RONALD BLYTHIE's most recent book is *The View in Winter, 1979*.

VERNON BOGDANOFF's *Devolution* was published in 1978.

WILLIAM BOYD's first novel will be published by Hamish Hamilton next year.

PHILIP BRADY is a lecturer in German at Birkbeck College, London.

LOUIS CHEVALIER's books include *Les Parisiens, 1965*, and *L'Assommoir, 1977*. His *Montmartre au plaisir et du crime* will be published shortly.

RICHARD COSS is Professor of Modern History at the University of Oxford. His most recent book, *Promenades*, has just been published.

MARTIN COOPER's books include *Ideas and Music, 1966*, and *Beethoven: the Last Decade, 1978*.

DAVID FINCH is a lecturer in English at the University of London.

DAVID FINCH is a lecturer in English at the University of London.

DAVID FINCH is a lecturer in English at the University of London.

DAVID FINCH is a lecturer in English at the University of London.

DAVID FINCH is a lecturer in English at the University of London.

DAVID FINCH is a lecturer in English at the University of London.

DAVID FINCH is a lecturer in English at the University of London.

DAVID FINCH is a lecturer in English at the University of London.

DAVID FINCH is a lecturer in English at the University of London.

DAVID FINCH is a lecturer in English at the University of London.

DAVID FINCH is a lecturer in English at the University of London.

by Thoyet, *Singularités de la France Antiquaire*, 1558, chapter 1 (Montaigne, *Oeuvres Complètes*, 1962, pages 211-1955). Let me know how much further back this information can be traced in the book. But this particular example would seem to support the view that Mr Aren's argument that the Vietcong have been due to plagiarism in their source to the next (*The New York Times*, pages 28 to 31). Whether this also supports Mr Aren's larger and more questionable claim that there are no hand accounts I am not competent to judge.

C. J. RAWSON,
Department of English,
University of Warwick, Coventry CV4 7AL.

JOHNATHAN MIRSKY,
24 Ladbroke Gardens, London W11.

Sylvia Townsend Warner

Sir—It might interest readers of the review of *Twelve Poems* by Sylvia Townsend Warner (May 2) to learn that the *Collected Poems* of this remarkable and neglected poet are to be published by Corgi Books. The edition is being prepared by Claire Farran, who would be grateful for information leading to uncollected poems or other material to be sent to her at the Corgi Press offices. Publication of the *Collected Poems* is projected for 1981.

MICHAEL SCHMIDT,
Caraceni Press Ltd, 330 So. Exchange Buildings, Manchester M1 3JL.

Among this week's contributors

ROBERT M. ADAMS's recent books include *Bad Mouth: Fugitive Papers on the Dark Side, 1978*, and *The Lost Museum: Clippings of Vanished Originals, 1980*.

MANIAR ARIF is the author of *Blunt: The Early History of a Himalayan Kingdom, 1980*, which has just been published.

BERNARD BERGOWITZ's books include *T. S. Eliot, 1972*, and *Reading the Thirties: Texts and Contexts, 1978*.

RONALD BLYTHIE's most recent book is *The View in Winter, 1979*.

VERNON BOGDANOFF's *Devolution* was published in 1978.

WILLIAM BOYD's first novel will be published by Hamish Hamilton next year.

PHILIP BRADY is a lecturer in German at Birkbeck College, London.

LOUIS CHEVALIER's books include *Les Parisiens, 1965*, and *L'Assommoir, 1977*. His *Montmartre au plaisir et du crime* will be published shortly.

RICHARD COSS is Professor of Modern History at the University of Oxford. His most recent book, *Promenades*, has just been published.

MARTIN COOPER's books include *Ideas and Music, 1966*, and *Beethoven: the Last Decade, 1978*.

DAVID FINCH is a lecturer in English at the University of London.

DAVID FINCH is a lecturer in English at the University of London.

DAVID FINCH is a lecturer in English at the University of London.

DAVID FINCH is a lecturer in English at the University of London.

DAVID FINCH is a lecturer in English at the University of London.

DAVID FINCH is a lecturer in English at the University of London.

DAVID FINCH is a lecturer in English at the University of London.

DAVID FINCH is a lecturer in English at the University of London.

DAVID FINCH is a lecturer in English at the University of London.

DAVID FINCH is a lecturer in English at the University of London.

DAVID FINCH is a lecturer in English at the University of London.

PARIS

NORMA EVENSON:
Paris: A Century of Change, 1878-1978
362pp. Yale University Press, £18.
0 300 02210 7

Whichever period one turns to, from the time of the *labbiaux*, Rubens and Villon up to the present, Paris has always been observed, experienced, described, narrated and judged from two quite different, opposed and generally hostile points of view: the point of view of those interested only in its buildings, and the point of view of those who are interested only in its people and see the buildings only in relation to the people. This is probably true of many other capital cities; perhaps it is true of all. But to judge from the French sources, as well as foreign writings, this cleavage divides the city into two camps: those who see the city as a place, and those who see it as a people.

There is the Paris of those who build by whatever name we call them or by which they call themselves—from the fair name of architect, which for Paul Valéry was the sum of all perfection, to the faint name of developer, taking in the way that of mason, a species for which Balzac felt only contempt and not forgetting the "prospectors" whom Giraudoux's *Madwoman of Chailly* (who was more or less a contemporary of Valéry's Euphrasie) contemplated hurling into the city's sewers. This Paris is also the Paris of those concerned above all with the operations of the prospectors, whom they seem set on explaining and justifying and to whom they devote the majority of their own works: historians and geographers concerned to describe the city's transformations; qualified town planners who write books about the houses; and also—typically French species, this—a number of builders who deem it useful to explain and comment on (in an often muddled prose nevertheless described as being "brilliant" or "visionary") the meaning of the structures they have erected, even though this is perfectly obvious, and has the added advantage that it is hard to make out what it is that the product of needy or merely mediocre geographers and sociologists and what is quite simply "free" publicity, as the newspapers call it.

But the importance which Professor Evenson's nationality adds to her book stems also from another fact, a genuinely historical one and which I will admit, impresses me. It marks an epoch in the history of American writing on Paris. For the first time—or so I believe—a competent and authoritative American voice has been raised in the history of Paris, a voice which, in relatively favourable terms, a city that no longer has anything in common with the one formerly beloved of so many American writers and of their English friends. In the 1920s, I seem to remember, Lawrence Durrell wrote to Henry Miller, whose last book he thought lacked inspiration, to come and pay a visit to Paris. "What a city!" he exclaimed. It was this self-same dazzling city which, as Evenson rightly tells us, "the most authoritative voices" were beginning to declare presented the hugest inconveniences. I fancy I can still hear those "most authoritative voices" echoing in my ears. But in those days, when they were always possible to oppose to them the voices of America. Our town planners and technocrats were all the more impressed by evidence from American writers because they had never read a single line of them nor even heard of their names.

It was in the name of Henry Miller indeed that I was able to prevent a particular horror being set up in a part of Paris he loved: "You can't do that to Miller. He's quite capable of writing an article that'll read the world over saying you are criminals and idiots to plan a city like this." The threat was sufficient, even if the planners did confuse Henry Miller with Marilyn Monroe, whom they knew about through the cinema. The ghostly project was abandoned and I had one more reason to admire Marilyn Monroe. Alas, and again alas! From now

glory of the developers which itself reeks of developer's money. Indeed, it is hard to make out what it is that the product of needy or merely mediocre geographers and sociologists and what is quite simply "free" publicity, as the newspapers call it.

But the importance which Professor Evenson's nationality adds to her book stems also from another fact, a genuinely historical one and which I will admit, impresses me. It marks an epoch in the history of American writing on Paris. For the first time—or so I believe—a competent and authoritative American voice has been raised in the history of Paris, a voice which, in relatively favourable terms, a city that no longer has anything in common with the one formerly beloved of so many American writers and of their English friends. In the 1920s, I seem to remember, Lawrence Durrell wrote to Henry Miller, whose last book he thought lacked inspiration, to come and pay a visit to Paris. "What a city!" he exclaimed. It was this self-same dazzling city which, as Evenson rightly tells us, "the most authoritative voices" were beginning to declare presented the hugest inconveniences. I fancy I can still hear those "most authoritative voices" echoing in my ears. But in those days, when they were always possible to oppose to them the voices of America. Our town planners and technocrats were all the more impressed by evidence from American writers because they had never read a single line of them nor even heard of their names.

It was in the name of Henry Miller indeed that I was able to prevent a particular horror being set up in a part of Paris he loved: "You can't do that to Miller. He's quite capable of writing an article that'll read the world over saying you are criminals and idiots to plan a city like this." The threat was sufficient, even if the planners did confuse Henry Miller with Marilyn Monroe, whom they knew about through the cinema. The ghostly project was abandoned and I had one more reason to admire Marilyn Monroe. Alas, and again alas! From now

glory of the developers which itself reeks of developer's money. Indeed, it is hard to make out what it is that the product of needy or merely mediocre geographers and sociologists and what is quite simply "free" publicity, as the newspapers call it.

But the importance which Professor Evenson's nationality adds to her book stems also from another fact, a genuinely historical one and which I will admit, impresses me. It marks an epoch in the history of American writing on Paris. For the first time—or so I believe—a competent and authoritative American voice has been raised in the history of Paris, a voice which, in relatively favourable terms, a city that no longer has anything in common with the one formerly beloved of so many American writers and of their English friends. In the 1920s, I seem to remember, Lawrence Durrell wrote to Henry Miller, whose last book he thought lacked inspiration, to come and pay a visit to Paris. "What a city!" he exclaimed. It was this self-same dazzling city which, as Evenson rightly tells us, "the most authoritative voices" were beginning to declare presented the hugest inconveniences. I fancy I can still hear those "most authoritative voices" echoing in my ears. But in those days, when they were always possible to oppose to them the voices of America. Our town planners and technocrats were all the more impressed by evidence from American writers because they had never read a single line of them nor even heard of their names.

It was in the name of Henry Miller indeed that I was able to prevent a particular horror being set up in a part of Paris he loved: "You can't do that to Miller. He's quite capable of writing an article that'll read the world over saying you are criminals and idiots to plan a city like this." The threat was sufficient, even if the planners did confuse Henry Miller with Marilyn Monroe, whom they knew about through the cinema. The ghostly project was abandoned and I had one more reason to admire Marilyn Monroe. Alas, and again alas! From now

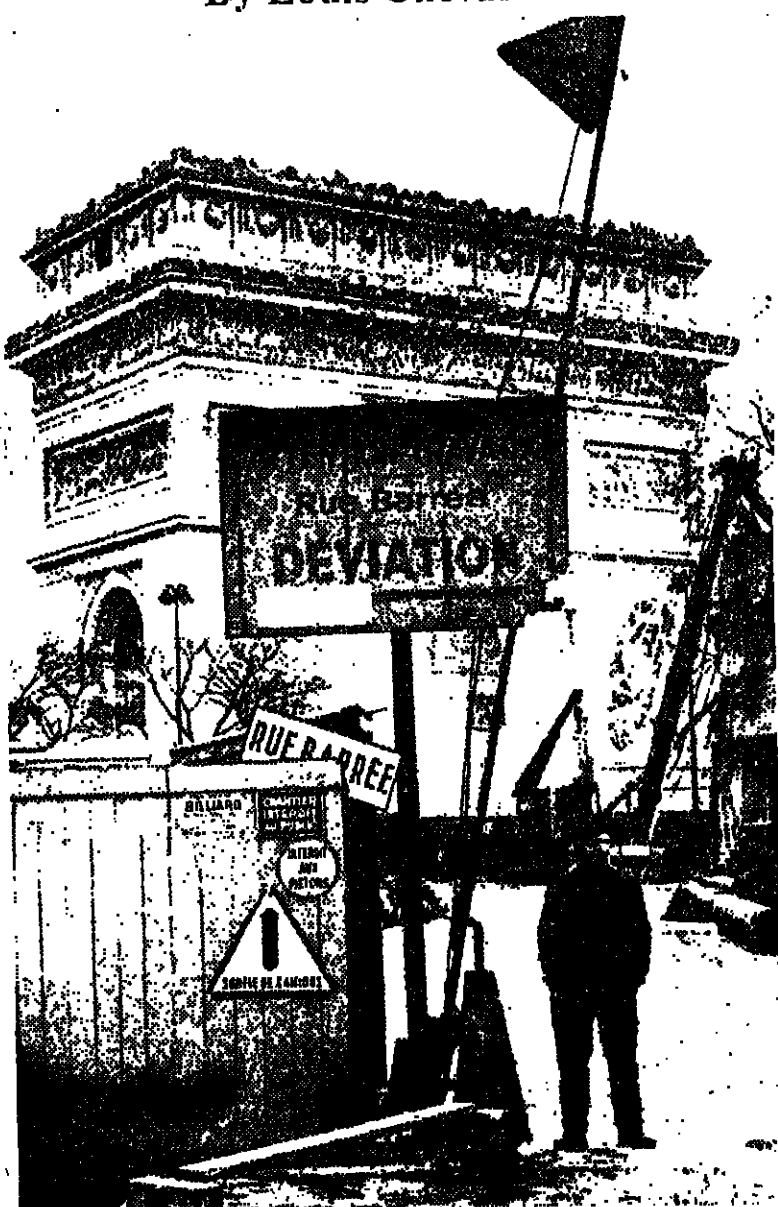
glory of the developers which itself reeks of developer's money. Indeed, it is hard to make out what it is that the product of needy or merely mediocre geographers and sociologists and what is quite simply "free" publicity, as the newspapers call it.

But the importance which Professor Evenson's nationality adds to her book stems also from another fact, a genuinely historical one and which I will admit, impresses me. It marks an epoch in the history of American writing on Paris. For the first time—or so I believe—a competent and authoritative American voice has been raised in the history of Paris, a voice which, in relatively favourable terms, a city that no longer has anything in common with the one formerly beloved of so many American writers and of their English friends. In the 1920s, I seem to remember, Lawrence Durrell wrote to Henry Miller, whose last book he thought lacked inspiration, to come and pay a visit to Paris. "What a city!" he exclaimed. It was this self-same dazzling city which, as Evenson rightly tells us, "the most authoritative voices" were beginning to declare presented the hugest inconveniences. I fancy I can still hear those "most authoritative voices" echoing in my ears. But in those days, when they were always possible to oppose to them the voices of America. Our town planners and technocrats were all the more impressed by evidence from American writers because they had never read a single line of them nor even heard of their names.

It was in the name of Henry Miller indeed that I was able to prevent a particular horror being set up in a part of Paris he loved: "You can't do that to Miller. He's quite capable of writing an article that'll read the world over saying you are criminals and idiots to plan a city like this." The threat was sufficient, even if the planners did confuse Henry Miller with Marilyn Monroe, whom they knew about through the cinema. The ghostly project was abandoned and I had one more reason to admire Marilyn Monroe. Alas, and again alas! From now

From Haussmann to high-rise

By Louis Chevalier



Construction site near the Arc de Triomphe, 1967.

glory of the developers which itself reeks of developer's money. Indeed, it is hard to make out what it is that the product of needy or merely mediocre geographers and sociologists and what is quite simply "free" publicity, as the newspapers call it.

But the importance which Professor Evenson's nationality adds to her book stems also from another fact, a genuinely historical one and which I will admit, impresses me. It marks an epoch in the history of American writing on Paris. For the first time—or so I believe—a competent and authoritative American voice has been raised in the history of Paris, a voice which, in relatively favourable terms, a city that no longer has anything in common with the one formerly beloved of so many American writers and of their English friends. In the 1920s, I seem to remember, Lawrence Durrell wrote to Henry Miller, whose last book he thought lacked inspiration, to come and pay a visit to Paris. "What a city!" he exclaimed. It was this self-same dazzling city which, as Evenson rightly tells us, "the most authoritative voices" were beginning to declare presented the hugest inconveniences. I fancy I can still hear those "most authoritative voices" echoing in my ears. But in those days, when they were always possible to oppose to them the voices of America. Our town planners and technocrats were all the more impressed by evidence from American writers because they had never read a single line of them nor even heard of their names.

It was in the name of Henry Miller indeed that I was able to prevent a particular horror being set up in a part of Paris he loved: "You can't do that to Miller. He's quite capable of writing an article that'll read the world over saying you are criminals and idiots to plan a city like this." The threat was sufficient, even if the planners did confuse Henry Miller with Marilyn Monroe, whom they knew about through the cinema. The ghostly project was abandoned and I had one more reason to admire Marilyn Monroe. Alas, and again alas! From now

glory of the developers which itself reeks of developer's money. Indeed, it is hard to make out what it is that the product of needy or merely mediocre geographers and sociologists and what is quite simply "free" publicity, as the newspapers call it.

But the importance which Professor Evenson's nationality adds to her book stems also from another fact, a genuinely historical one and which I will admit, impresses me. It marks an epoch in the history of American writing on Paris. For the first time—or so I believe—a competent and authoritative American voice has been raised in the history of Paris, a voice which, in relatively favourable terms, a city that no longer has anything in common with the one formerly beloved of so many American writers and of their English friends. In the 1920s, I seem to remember, Lawrence Durrell wrote to Henry Miller, whose last book he thought lacked inspiration, to come and pay a visit to Paris. "What a city!" he exclaimed. It was this self-same dazzling city which, as Evenson rightly tells us, "the most authoritative voices" were beginning to declare presented the hugest inconveniences. I fancy I can still hear those "most authoritative voices" echoing in my ears. But in those days, when they were always possible to oppose to them the voices of America. Our town planners and technocrats were all the more impressed by evidence from American writers because they had never read a single line of them nor even heard of their names.

It was in the name of Henry Miller indeed that I was able to prevent a particular horror being set up in a part of Paris he loved: "You can't do that to Miller. He's quite capable of writing an article that'll read the world over saying you are criminals and idiots to plan a city like this." The threat was sufficient, even if the planners did confuse Henry Miller with Marilyn Monroe, whom they knew about through the cinema. The ghostly project was abandoned and I had one more reason to admire Marilyn Monroe. Alas, and again alas! From now

glory of the developers which itself reeks of developer's money. Indeed, it is hard to make out what it is that the product of needy or merely mediocre geographers and sociologists and what is quite simply "free" publicity, as the newspapers call it.

But the importance which Professor Evenson's nationality adds to her book stems also from another fact, a genuinely historical one and which I will admit, impresses me. It marks an epoch in the history of American writing on Paris. For the first time—or so I believe—a competent and

